

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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# THE TATLER

LONDON

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Baron

## Ann Todd, who is to make Fourteen British Films

Ann Todd, who gave such a brilliant performance in the film *The Seventh Veil*, has now a seven-year contract to make fourteen pictures. She is to make eight of these for Mr. J. Arthur Rank, and six for Sydney Box, who was her producer in *The Seventh Veil*. She starts working for Sydney Box in *Daybreak*, with Eric Portman as her co-star, while later in the year she is to make her first Technicolor picture for him. It is a Spanish story, called *Mantilla*, and some of the filming is to be done in Spain itself. For both these pictures she will be directed by Compton Bennett, the director of *The Seventh Veil*. Ann Todd has not only won fame on the films, but has many outstanding stage roles to her credit. She is married to Mr. Nigel Tangye and has a son and daughter.



# PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THIS week Mr. George Bernard Shaw completes his ninetieth year on earth.

All nations join with the Chinese in honouring an extreme span of life. Your worst enemy in the end comes to applaud you if you stay down here long enough—a truth I learned well enough as a boy, when I saw the Tory side of the House of Lords cheer John Morley's quavering intervention into the debate on the Irish Treaty. "Magnificent old boy," people said. What they really meant was: "Time has reduced that witty, dangerous voice to an incoherent mumble. The old boy can't hurt us any longer. Let us therefore cheer him." Such a theory would not, I fancy, suit the case of Mr. Shaw.

## Premature Odes

ALL over the world, I suppose, polite, distinguished writers are today writing hymns to Mr. Shaw, as if he were already relegated to the innocuous splendour of the tribal Pantheon. That is not at all as I see him. At any moment I know he will pop out from behind the arras to remind us what pompous donkeys we are, and how boring are our encomia. Only the other day, for instance, he was cruel enough to declare that the late war against the Axis had been really a civil war—with the implication that, like all civil wars, it

endearing prejudices first began to flow across the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Looking back on the tangle of history, one must realize that the Victorian age—that is to say, the state of mind which Waterloo rendered possible—lasted until at least the end of the First German War. For us who were children when it ended, that age is far less comprehensible than almost any other one; nor do we realize Mr. Shaw's part in the killing of it. The delight we feel in the technical brilliance of, for instance, *Major Barbara*, or the first act of *The Apple Cart*, blinds us to Mr. Shaw's importance as a *vulgarisateur*. (I use the word because, as Mr. Raymond Mortimer rightly said the other day, there exists no English one which will do as well.) Mrs. Warren's *Profession*, or *Arms and the Man*, seem to us to knock at open doors. We forget it was Mr. Shaw himself who opened them, who laughed our fathers out of certain social taboos, and killed the romantic idea of war.

## Battle of the 'Nineties

WE cannot understand Mr. Shaw's place in history unless we first envisage the England of the 'nineties which he set about the ears—a world that believed in the White Man's Burden, and the Public School System, and Nice People. Mr. Shaw has won his battle. Most of his enemies have vanished through his own magic; so that when we take up one of the early plays or some passionate plea for Ibsen, his sword flashes through the empty air. What a lot of fuss about nothing, we say. But it was a fuss that had to be made at the time.

There is, I think, but one figure in the world's history to whom Mr. Shaw may be likened—Voltaire. In both of them a coruscating wit, brilliant talents of *vulgarisation*, the professional temper of the *enfant terrible*, longevity and a loathing of cant. Voltaire, of course, put over ideas that were not peculiarly his own with a limpid elegance that has hardly ever been equalled. The prose of *Zadig*, for instance, rises to heights of grace that almost turn it into poetry. Mr. Shaw's prose never takes on much polish, at times is downright uncouth. But what he has to say is generally profound, and almost invariably particular to him. And each of them changed their own age.

They share another quality—or weakness—in common. They are both uncomfortable in the presence of passion. Think of the passionate absurdities of *Mahomet*, Voltaire's inability, except when he was very young—in the *Henriade*—to portray a pretty woman. We know that Madame du Châtelet's death left him inconsolable for a time, just as Mr. Shaw has written love letters. But love is far from both their worlds. With Mr. Shaw it becomes a boisterous farce. No more than that. Think, for instance, of the second act of *The Apple*

*Cart*, when the King and the Royal Mistress almost indulge in a pillow fight.

## A Giant Remains

NO long life is free of unreason, inconsistencies. It is hard to understand how Voltaire could have allowed himself to become involved in that ridiculous dispute with the President de Brogues over the timber. It is not easy to follow Mr. Shaw through his Wagnerian phase. But when all has been said, he remains a figure of startling size and innumerable



sides. And if we discount Shaw the iconoclast, Shaw the innovator, Shaw the discharger of squibs, we are still left with Shaw the artist, one of the most dazzling of his time. Consider, for instance, the wonderful opening to *Major Barbara* when Stephen enters upon his mother, the imperious Lady Britomart, at her writing-table. I know of nothing in literature where characters and the precise stresses of a human relationship are established with more beautiful economy and more assurance. Think of the meeting between Androcles and his lion; or that little masterpiece—*How He Lied to Her Husband*.

## "Des Flambeaux . . ."

IT was not, I suppose, till he had passed seventy that Voltaire's mind took on its final polish. And Mr. Shaw in his ninetieth year stands out alone as a beacon of impious sanity in a world of cant and Wurlitzer organs. How wise, how devastating are his rare, political judgments! In short, writing of him today, one can no longer remember the schoolboy jokes, the tendency with him for comedy to topple over into farce.

One is reminded of Voltaire's apotheosis at the first night of his *Irene* in March, 1778. He had come back to Paris after twenty-five years, come back as a conqueror; and as he sat hunched up in his box, the youth of France went suddenly mad in his honour. A young man leapt on to the balustrade. "Des flambeaux, des flambeaux," he shouted. "Nous que l'on puisse le voir!" I can think of nothing better suited to this occasion than those words



had decided exactly nothing. How can one be patronizing about a mind as clear as this? Here is no ancient, basking harmless in the sun. But age for Mr. Shaw is merely an eminence that has lifted him a little higher than the rest of us, and perhaps lets him see a little further into the surrounding fatuity. I therefore propose to consider him exactly as one would any other mind in the full rough-and-tumble of life. To me it is of no particular consequence that sixty-one years have gone by since, under the influence of William Archer, the torrent of Mr. Shaw's opinions and

**Elizabeth Linley**

EVER since I was very young I have cherished a romantic feeling for Elizabeth Linley, Sheridan's first wife, whose portrait by Gainsborough, with her brother Thomas, used to be one of Knole's chief treasures.



The other day, at a party, I saw somebody who might have been her ghost; and yesterday as I wandered through some poor streets of Bath, "killing time" till my train was due, I came across another evocation of her. Down an alley, I suddenly saw a small house of the utmost elegance, with two large pineapples over the doorway. Above, there was a tarnished plaque that announced it as the house where Miss Linley had once lived.

Her father, Thomas Linley the elder, a famous writer of madrigals in his day, came from Wells, nearby. With his lovely daughter as prima donna, and his son Thomas—the boy in the Knole picture—he gave admirably successful concerts at the Bath Assembly Rooms.

In 1771, when Richard Brinsley Sheridan was barely twenty, his father moved to Bath, with the notion of setting up there a school of elocution. Mrs. Sheridan had been taught singing by Linley; and through this Richard Brinsley met Elizabeth, then aged sixteen.

**Fight to France**

Among the most turbulent of her admirers was a Major Mathews. To escape the fellow's importunities, she fled with Sheridan's help to a French convent. In the process he fell wildly in love with her, they married, he fought two duels with Mathews, in one of which he was severely wounded, and the Linley family ended up as his partners in the ownership of Drury Lane.

However the lovers may have quarrelled, Sheridan was utterly distraught with grief when Elizabeth died in 1792 at the early age of thirty-eight. Four years before, her brilliant brother, the friend of Mozart, had been drowned boating on the lake at Grimsthorpe, with his musical promise still unfulfilled.

**Bernard Shaw, at Ninety, Looks Forward**

George Bernard Shaw will be ninety on July 26. Age has put no brake on the mind or spirit of Britain's foremost original thinker and dramatist, the man whom Professor Gilbert Murray describes as, above all, a lover of ideas. His wit and his writing are timeless. Asked recently what a suitable retiring age would be, he replied "Three hundred." If such a wealth of years could be reached by any human being, Shaw's writings might safely be backed to retain their brilliance to the three hundredth year.



Relaxing in the lounge, which has a Cornish slate fireplace and is lit by oil lamps. The cottage needed considerable rebuilding when Portman bought it



ERIC PORTMAN, STAR OF "MEN OF TWO WORLDS,"

Stonebreaking is a hard but necessary task. The stone comes from a demolished wall and is being used to make a garden and terrace

## Tsetse and Tut-Tut!

**M**en Of Two Worlds (Gaumont) is announced as "a screen play by Thorold Dickinson and Herbert W. Victor from an original story with dialogue by Joyce Cary, based on an idea by E. Arnot Robertson." Here, I take it, are four highly intelligent people. Then why didn't these four highly intelligent people tell "Two Cities" that the same ground, and all of the ground, had been covered ten times better at one-twentieth of the cost by the little film by John Steinbeck called *The Forgotten Village*? That every film critic in London had hailed this tiny picture as a masterpiece? Whereupon I imagine "Two Cities" replying, "Yes, but we aren't out for a little masterpiece. What we are out for is a hell of a masterpiece that will make a hell of a lot of money!" The result, in my view, is appalling.

**T**HE film begins with a negro composer-pianist performing at the National Gallery in London the piano part of his own *Bagwash*, or some such name, devised for piano, orchestra and male choir. Well, I do not believe in the negro pianist who, having tasted blood in the Myra Hess manner, or, anyhow, under the auspices of that charming lady, feels himself compelled to fly to Tanganyika to save his fellow natives from the ravages of sleeping sickness brought on by the tsetse fly. Robert Adams does his part very well, and the row with the local witch doctor is at times exciting. There is an admirable moment, too, when Adams realizes that the native who goes white meets exactly the same fate as the white man who goes native; instead of possessing two

countries he is left without any country at all. There are even moments which suggest that with a greater amount of artistic integrity in the direction the film might attain to some of the power and passion of Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*. What, then, prevents this film from succeeding? In my view Denham's powerful and passionate attempts to make it a success.

**W**HY introduce that popular favourite, Eric Portman, in a part of great length confined to getting and keeping the story going? Because he is box-office. Why make the resident doctor a lady doctor? To give Phyllis Calvert the chance of letting natives who can hardly see out of their eyes for flies and filth gaze upon countless and creaseless confections much approved in Hammersmith, and hear the voice that has so often breathed o'er West Kensington. Alas that every time either of these distinguished players puts in an appearance we were no longer in Africa's bush but in Shepherd's. Why didn't our highly intelligent quartet see that this must happen, even if they used the other two English film stars? Why didn't they keep the whites out of it?

**I** REGRET that when, at the films, my attention wanders I have very little control over where it wanders to. The negro pianist calling himself Kisenga, I found myself saying, "Kisenga—Gasenga—Gazingi. That's it, 'Miss Gazingi', of course." And from that it was only a step to Miss Petowker, the only sylph Mr. Crummles ever saw who could stand upon one leg and play the tambourine on the other knee, like a sylph. In Mr. Crummles's opinion "The Blood Drinker" would die with that girl. Not that she was the original Blood Drinker. That honour belonged not to Petowker but to Mrs. Vincent Crummles who was obliged to give it up. "Did it disagree with her?" asked Nicholas. And Mr. Crummles replied, "Not so much with her as with her audiences. Nobody could stand it. It was too tremendous." At this point my thoughts returned to the screen where the witch doctor was imbibing something that looked like crimson treacle, and Robert Adams was saying in an awed tone, "He's drinking my blood. I can't stand it. It's too tremendous!"

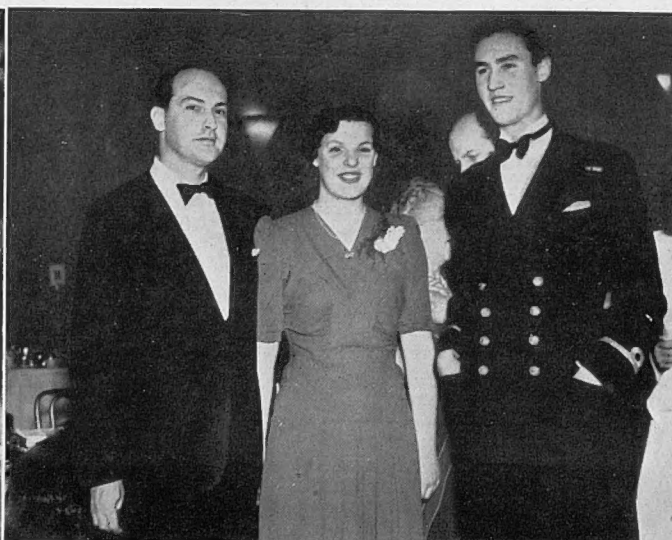
**A**ND that, I am afraid, was the end of any serious consideration of this film which, if it fails, will do so because it hasn't got the

James Agas

AT



Lord Headfort and Lady Hamond-Graeme, wife of Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme



Mr. Gavin Welby, the Hon. Ann Cholmondeley, daughter of Lady Delamere, and Sub-Lt. Hugh Cheetham Hill



Mr. Alexis Cassavetti and Miss Anne Nettleford, daughter of Lady Tweeddale

## THE MIDSUMMER BALL IN AID OF THE



Ian Jeayes

## AT HIS 200-YEAR-OLD COTTAGE IN CORNWALL

A stream fed by the river runs past the foot of the garden, and at low tide Portman works on the logs lying there

Clearing the garden, with Lofty in attendance. The cottage lies in a valley and is five miles from the nearest railway station

# THE PICTURES

courage of the object with which it set out. Compromise in the entertainment world is always its own punishment, since he who compromises gets not the best of both worlds but the worst. Why not have gone the whole hog? Having begun with the National Gallery, why not end with the Albert Hall? That part of Tanganyika in which most of this picture's events take place is called Litu. Why not show Robert Adams returning with his newly composed "Litu" Concerto? I am sure my old friend, Paul Holt, would have welcomed him with open arms.

SINCE fairness is the distinguishing mark of the *Tatler's* film critic I shall allow the programme to get in a word. Here is what Synopsis has to say:

The background of *Men Of Two Worlds* is set in remote, primitive Africa. Kisenga, an African who has attained fame in Europe as a musician and composer, returns to his native country. Sleeping sickness, carried by the tsetse fly, is creeping nearer the village, and the British District Commissioner, Randall, is moving the people to newly-cleared land, away from the tsetse bush. Only the Litu refuse to co-operate. Randall sends Kisenga, who is a Litu, to reason with the tribe. But the Litu are under the influence of their witch doctor, Magole. Kisenga is contemptuous of Magole and ancient superstition, and strives to show his people how progress and knowledge await them in the new land. When Dr. Catherine Munro demonstrates a blood test on Kisenga's father, Magole prophesies that he will die. The old man does die, but

from natural causes. Magole's power then becomes stronger than ever. Kisenga challenges Magole to take his blood. Magole accepts, but predicts that Kisenga will also die. Slowly the evil power of suggestion wielded by Magole has its effect on Kisenga. A silent battle of will, of good against evil, begins. Kisenga succumbs and is dying. Randall and Catherine are desperate. He must live. Then Randall gets the children to sing one of Kisenga's songs while he tries to instil in Kisenga the will to live. He succeeds and Kisenga lives. Magole's power is broken for ever. A new day has dawned for the Litu.

There is one misstatement in the foregoing. This is when we are told that the old man dies of natural causes. He doesn't; he dies because the witch doctor tells him that the spirits are angry with him for having given his blood to the white doctor, that they are burning him up, and that nothing can save him. The old man has malaria, it is true; but what he dies from is sheer terror.

Now it so happens that I have some experience in this kind. During the first of the two Great Wars I was for a time in command of a Labour Corps consisting of two thousand Indians. We were encamped in the French Alps, and with the exception of my batman there was no other white man within a radius of seven miles. One night I heard great cries and something that sounded like wailing. I called for a report and was told that one of

the Indians had decided that he was dying. I repaired to the hut, and found the sick man at apparently his last gasp. Twelve other Indians, who had painted their faces white, were walking round the man's mattress singing incantations for the dying. There and then I administered from my emergency medicine chest double the maximum dose of heart restorative, double the maximum dose of heart sedative, with a quadruple purgative, all dissolved in a tumbler of brandy which I forced down the man's throat. I then made some remarkable passes, proclaimed myself a Great White Medicine Chief, told the man that he would immediately recover, and bade the mourners wash their faces under pain of unmentionable kicks. Finally, I made majestic exit, telling the sufferer that he must report at my office at nine o'clock next morning. At 9 a.m. there entered a somewhat shaken and weakened figure, which salaam'd and informed the Sahib's boots that it was entirely recovered!

WHAT has all this to do with the film under notice? At least as much, I suggest, as the National Gallery concerts, Mr. Portman's charm, and Miss Calvert's toggery and accents have to do with sleeping sickness in the African bush. In the meantime would the makers of this picture like to produce a real African witch doctor with sufficient majesty of appearance and command of the English language to understudy Paul Robeson and go on for Othello? And when, pray, was the African native so *soigné* that he could appear in any London theatre as one of Mr. Cochran's Young Gentlemen? Is there no dirt in Africa? No, says this picture firmly. Nothing but Glorious You-know-what.



## GREATER LONDON FUND FOR THE BLIND

A feature of the evening was the excellent cabaret. Nervo and Knox, of Crazy Gang fame, are seen discussing their turn with Cyril Smith

Lord and Lady Tweeddale were among the patrons of the ball



Donald Eccles as Chopin, descended from the heights of the grand passion to become the invalid in the back room



Lawrence Hanray as Count Anthony Wodzinski, the impeccable visitor who wishes the wine at Nohant would flow as copiously as the ink



Lally Bowers as George Sand, and her children Solange (Rene Ray), and Maurice (Laurence Payne) whose uninhibited upbringing has made them unfit for polite, or any other, society; Solange being gapingly clumsy and Maurice exhibiting a sinister streak

Sketches by Tom Titt

## The Theatre

"Summer at Nohant" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

GEORGE SAND is only a foreign name to most English novel readers, and even in France where a hundred years ago it was taken for granted that her writings had the stuff of immortality in them she is not much read today. She lives only in the legend of her life and love affairs.

She was a strange woman. As Balzac remarked, she hangs together perfectly if she is judged as a man. She smoked cigars and wore on occasion men's clothes, and these were more than the affectations of a fully emancipated woman. Love to her was much what it was to Goethe or to Byron—something as expansive in its effect upon the soul as good wine upon the spirits, but in itself no great matter after all.

The love affairs in which she figured were shockingly numerous. They involved men as remarkable as de Musset and Chopin. In their onset they were violent, at their height they raged furiously, but, passing, they seem to have left her character quite unravaged. When passion was spent she was apt to indulge a maternal instinct and to become her former lover's nurse. She was a great "arranger"; she arranged life as she arranged the characters in her novels; and having arranged a dead love affair with all possible neatness she retained her dignity and her calm assurance of immortality.

So much we must know to understand this play about her extraordinary household at Nohant. It presents her at a time when the more famous of her love affairs are in her past, and the status of Chopin, ceaselessly playing in another room, has already dwindled to that of a somewhat peevish invalid. She writes a little and talks a great deal, but she is chiefly occupied in watching the effects of an advanced education and of the example of her own life upon her adolescent children. These effects are deplorable. The children have learned, in Wilde's phrase, the price of everything and the value of nothing. They are as "emancipated" as their mother, but they have not her style; and the consequences of this failure in education are the theme of the play.

It would be an excellent theme for M.

François Mauriac. What is needed to draw out the bitter comedy and comic horror of the Sand ménage is an extremely refined observation that is capable of discovering the cause beneath the effect, the innermost spring of emotion under the recorded fact. If this piece were praised for its "observation" no more would be meant than that the author had gone through the memoirs and the correspondence with a competent notebook and pencil. The facts are recorded but not the underlying emotions, and the effects without the causes amount to little more than a dim and genteel muddle.

WE are shown Solange, the daughter, plunging about among her suitors like an unbroken colt. Crudely she spurns the offers of a devoted young neighbour, and as crudely sets her cap at Chopin who gives any odd moments he can spare from composition to a kitchen maid. Eventually the colt is broken in by Clesinger, a sculptor with the manners of a drill sergeant. Madame Sand, pained at this result of a liberal education, turns hopefully to her adored son, but he is no less uncouth than his sister. They are the spoilt children of a woman of genius. How the real George Sand reacted to these disappointments I forget, but I feel fairly sure that it was not in the spirit of a great English lady who hears that her children have failed a school examination. But that is the kind of dignity which the play forces upon Miss Lally Bowers. She wears it becomingly and it is not her fault that we find it hard to accept her as a Frenchwoman of temperament who in her day broke all the rules with an air.

MISS RENE RAY is in even worse case. The character of Solange, which should give us the sense of depravity walking in the daylight, needs to be etched in sharp outline, but the outline is not there and she is reduced to displaying the tantrums and smirks of an ill-bred child. Mr. Laurence Payne has an easier task with the ungrateful and vicious son. With more imaginative energy behind its treatment the subject would be fascinating; as things are, it is merely interesting. ANTHONY COOKMAN



Cabinet Ministers usually sit at the far end; Marie Tempest's table is on the left; while Noel Coward prefers a table on the right—just outside this picture specially drawn for "The Tatler" by Eric Earnshaw

## THE IVY

It started as an obscure café, soon after the 1914-18 war.  
To-day, it is one of the hubs of the theatrical world

IT was (and is) an irregularly-shaped place, and it tended to grow, so it seemed logical to call it the Ivy. Around and about were cheap lodging-houses, small shops, and the atmosphere that Seven Dials had created over the years; strong atmosphere; atmosphere that vice and crime and darker things had helped to build. Linoleum covered the floor, cheap wooden tables and benches were its main furnishings. Drinks were sent out for as ordered. The astutest "discoverer" could have seen no sign of the tremendous part this

place, in drab, narrow West Street, was to play in London's social and Bohemian life.

Yet, for some indefinable reason, the place "caught on." Alice Delysia, a soft corner in her heart for that particular part of London where at the Ambassadors Theatre, opposite, she had made her first appearance on the London stage a year or so previously, used to come in for supper after the show. She brought friends with her. There was always a welcome waiting, a *commis* ready to run across to an accommodating pub near by for oysters, a

freshly-done sole or a steak. News of that good food seeped through to the War Office and reached one whose appreciation of it is undisputed. The (then) Secretary of State for War, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, paid the Ivy a visit. He came again, bringing with him Mr. Arthur Balfour (later Earl of Balfour and Viscount Traprain), and one day, Mr. David Lloyd George, the then Prime Minister, joined the party. The Ivy began to feel the push of popularity.

(Continued on page 104)



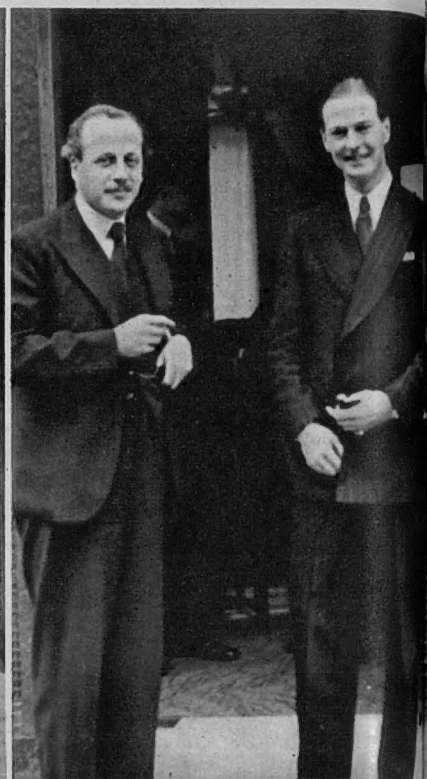
Mario Galletti, business manager of the Ivy, who went there in 1919



Vic Oliver is handed his hat by Corti, who has twenty years' service



Douglas Byng with Captain D. J. Rake, D.S.O., M.C., Croix de Guerre



Anatole de Grunwald, the film producer, and playwright Terence Rattigan



Authoress Ursula Bloom with her husband, Commander Robinson, and a friend



Mrs. Bobby Howes, wife of the comedian, and Mrs. Percy Pitt



Cicely Courtneidge, with a magnificent buttonhole, and Harold Purcell

## The Ivy (Continued from page 103)

IN 1919, a drinks licence was applied for. Mr. Winston Churchill gave his support and the licence was granted on one vote; and it was in 1919 also that Mario Galletti, newly home from the war, decided to link his fate and fortune with that of the Ivy and of its owner, his artistic, cultured fellow-Italian, Giandolini Abel.

Abel had no experience of restaurants. He was then, and is now, primarily an artist. ("Force of circumstances alone made me open the Ivy. I have never been a waiter; I had no working knowledge of kitchens or of ordering food in large quantities. I love people around me; I love observing them, hearing their conversations.")

Mario took over the business side. He had been well known and liked at the Savoy before the outbreak of the 1914 war, and inevitably

as more and more of his old friends discovered where he was, they visited him. He'd none of the aggressiveness, the overwhelming "personality" of the ordinary *maitre*. He was a quiet one, and friendly. More than fifty years ago he and his family were hounded from their Italian village home because of his father's advanced political beliefs. For two years the boy struggled to keep himself alive as he worked his way across Europe, his mind's eye fixed on London. Finally, he made it.

THE early twenties were years of tremendous growth for the Ivy. The cheap tailor's shop on its west side was condemned by the local authority. On the east side, the buildings were so dilapidated they had to come down. Abel took the plunge: he acquired the property on both sides, not without difficulty. The tailor, sensing the importance of the deal

to the Ivy, assumed a squatter's rights, and even when the walls were down, refused to move, rigging up a tent for himself but leaving the Ivy clientele exposed to the elements and quite frequently sitting in top-coats and gloves as they dined, their umbrellas giving them (or at least the food they were eating) some protection when it rained. The hardiness and determination of the Ivy's faithful following must have impressed even the stubborn tailor, for finally he moved, and work started on the rebuilding of the corner site facing the Church of the Seven Dials, St. Martin's Theatre and the Ambassadors Theatre which is the Ivy of to-day. It has the atmosphere of a club, and strangers tend to feel a little out of place. Abel's first concern has never been the making of large profits. There is no bar, and no waiter has ever been known to offer the wine list until it has been specifically asked for.



R. J. Minney, author and film producer, with Coral Browne, the actress



W. P. Templeton, author of "Exercise Bowler," and Leueen McGrath, who appears in it



Prudence Hyman, the dancer, with Alonso, the doorman, who has to have a keen memory for celebrities



Walter Crisham and Prudence Hyman, two of the cast of Beatrice Lillie's "Better Late," at the Garrick, with Corti

Photographs by Swaebe



Sarah Churchill (formerly Mrs. Vic Oliver), daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, interrupts her lunch for a telephone call

Certain tables seem to belong by right to certain individuals and take their personality from that individual. The corner table on the left facing the door as you go in was known for years, and indeed still is, as Marie Tempest's table. There she staged her first public appearance in long navy blue slacks, thereby causing a stir of mingled horror and admiration. The table just to the right of the door is Noel Coward's table, and here he received the overwhelming congratulations which followed the production of *Cavalcade*; here he drank champagne cocktails with his mother, Gladys Calthorp, Jack Wilson and Abel before the first performance of *Sirocco* at Daly's, and here again he faced the world the morning afterwards when the full flood of public and press abuse had broken over him. "So often after success we had filed in triumphantly to our usual table in the corner. . . . This time

our task was more difficult. . . . We went to the Ivy that day as a gesture—not to our friends, nor our acquaintances, nor our enemies, but to ourselves."

ABEL is a true lover of the theatre. He is never seen at first nights, nor in the stalls. Yet he sees all the shows; sometimes in the dress circle at a rehearsal, more often from the pit. To his tables go Dame Lilian Braithwaite, Joyce Carey, John Clements, Diana Wynyard, Kay Hammond, Margaretta Scott, Ivor Novello, John Gielgud, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Helpmann, Dame Edith Evans, Pat Wallace, Jack Hulbert, maybe all lunching or dining there on one and the same day.

Sir Ben Smith after handing over his office as Food Minister to Mr. Strachey, turned into the Ivy. Many had preceded him. It is likely that many will follow.



**Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas Cook and Lady Cook** with their son and daughters, in the grounds of Sennoice Park, Guist, Norfolk. Sir Thomas, who was Conservative M.P. for North Norfolk from 1931 until the last election, was from 1941 Liaison Officer to Allied Forces at the War Office. Lady Cook was formerly Miss Gweneith Margaret Jones.



**Lady Norah Wingfield** with her four children, at Tilhill House, near Farnham, Surrey. She is the wife of Major Edward Wingfield, only son of Captain Cecil Wingfield, who was killed in action in 1915, and Lady Violet Wingfield, second daughter of the sixth Earl Poulett. Lady Wingfield is the third daughter of the first Earl Jellicoe, and married Major Wingfield in 1935. The children are named Jacqueline, Philip, Elizabeth and Jeremy

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**T**HEIR MAJESTIES' brief stay at Sandringham was marked by two engagements of a semi-public nature, which is rare when the Court is in Norfolk. One was the unveiling by the King of a memorial to fallen officers and men of the Royal Air Force in the church of Great Bircham, close to the aerodrome of Bircham Newton, which is the nearest R.A.F. station to Sandringham; the other was the highly successful garden party given by the King and Queen to the tenants on the Royal estates in Norfolk.

Bircham Newton has many wartime memories both for the King and Queen and for the two Princesses. It was here that Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, both then still little girls, had their first close-up view of the R.A.F. in the early days of the war, when they spent a thrilling afternoon climbing about the fuselage of a Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command, while, much to the amusement of the King and Queen, a somewhat harassed young pilot attempted to answer their flood of questions.

### TENANTS ENTERTAINED

**T**HE tenants' garden party was an innovation that owes its origin to a happy thought by the Queen. Between members of the Royal Family and the sturdy Norfolk yeomen and farmers and their families, who are proud of the fact that their landlord is also their King, there have always existed relationships of a particularly happy kind, and the afternoon party in the gardens of Sandringham House—now restored to something of their pre-war loveliness—carried them a stage further. A party on somewhat similar lines, though naturally it will be held indoors and not in the grounds, has been arranged at Windsor Castle in November, when Their Majesties will

entertain all returned Servicemen and their wives from the Royal estates and the Castle.

### ROYAL GARDEN PARTY

**C**HIEF and most frequent comment at the first of the two Royal Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace was on the much greater degree of comfort afforded by the smaller crowd, and it is likely that the new arrangement of splitting the invitation list in two will be adhered to in future years. Members of the Royal Family present, besides the King and Queen and the Princesses, were Queen Mary, who was attended by several members of her household, including the Dowager Countess of Airlie and Major the Hon. John Coke; the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent, Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone, the Marchioness of Milford Haven and Lady Tatiana Mountbatten, Admiral Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, and the Marquess of Cambridge and Lady Mary Cambridge; while foreign Royalties present included King George of Greece, King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, Princess Catharine of Greece, Prince Philip of Greece, young King Feisal of Iraq, with his mother, Queen Aliya, and his uncle and aunt, the Regent Emir Abdul Illah and Princess Abdiya.

The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, Mistress of the Robes, was in attendance on the Queen, with Viscountess Hambleden and Lady Hyde, while the King was attended by the three political members of the Household, Mr. Arthur Pearson, M.P., Treasurer, Mr. Michael Stewart, M.P., Comptroller, and Mr. Julian Snow, Vice-Chamberlain, as well as Lieut.-Col. Sir Piers Legh, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Terence Nugent, Sir John Monck and Brigadier Gwatkin. Among those invited to the Royal tent for tea

I noticed the Prime Minister, with Mrs. Attlee and their two daughters, Felicity and Janet, several members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Dalton, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Jowitt, and other members of the Government, as well as the High Commissioners of South Africa, Eire and India, the Acting High Commissioner for Canada, and the Resident Minister for Australia and Mrs. Beasley.

### POLISH EXHIBITION

**R**ECENTLY, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent attended an interesting and unusual exhibition of hand-made ceramic jewellery and pottery designed and executed by the well-known Polish artists Mr. J. Natanson and Mr. W. Mars. The Duchess, who wore a navy-blue-and-white dress and white straw hat, showed a great interest in their work and was presented with three brooches which she chose herself from the collection. She was accompanied by Lady Rachel Davidson, the Duke of Norfolk's sister.

The exhibition was organised by the Hon. Lady Erskine, and among the many people who visited it were her sister-in-law, Lady Marjory Erskine, Count Edward Raczyński, former Polish Ambassador in London, and Miss Clarissa Borenus, elder daughter of Professor Tancred Borenus, who has published so many noted art books.

### ETON AND HARROW

**T**HE second day at Lord's was more crowded than the first. I saw the Hon. Gloria Curzon and her attractive cousin, Miss Averil Curzon, Miss Prue Stewart-Wilson, Miss Caroline Lascelles, whose father, Sir Alan Lascelles, is private secretary to the King; Miss Bridget Keppel and Miss Lynette Newman, who gave a dance with her elder sister a few days later.



Compton Collier

**Lieut.-Colonel Sir Peter Farquhar, D.S.O. and Bar, and Lady Farquhar with their three sons at their new home at Turnworth, near Blandford, Dorset.** Sir Peter, who succeeded to the title in 1918, served in Italy, France and the Western Desert and was wounded three times. Lady Farquhar, the former Mrs. Andrew Knowles, is the daughter of the late Major Francis Hurt, of Alderwasley, Derbyshire. Their youngest son, Ian Walter, was christened last January.



**Mrs. Wyndham Rawlins, formerly Miss Joan Lloyd, of Swindon, Wilts., who was married recently at St. James's, Piccadilly, to Major N. W. Rawlins, M.C., of Avoncliffe, Wiltshire**

Several yellow and black coaches drawn up beside the pitch lent an almost pre-war atmosphere to the scene. Mr. Tom Blackwell and his mother were entertaining on one, and another I saw the Marchioness of Bath, who looked charming in a black dress and pink-athered hat. The Hon. Anne Cholmondeley is one of the sensible people who wore sun-glasses, and among the other people I saw were Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Viscount Cross, Captain David Gurney, Miss Yolanda Calvo-nessi with her Etonian brother, Roy; Miss Met Marshall-Cornwall, daughter of General James Marshall-Cornwall, Mrs. Denis Alexander wearing the attractive striped hat and white coat she wore at Ascot; Miss Audrey Oliver, the Hon. Gwyneth Bruce, Miss Althea Fitzalan-Howard, Mr. George Lowellyn, Miss Raine McCorquodale, who promises to be one of the prettiest débutantes next season, and Miss Virginia Hutchison. Other people watching the match were Viscountess Brentford, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant, Sir Anthony Tichborne, Colonel and Mrs. Hoyer Miller, who were watching their young son who kept wicket for Harrow so well; Sir Pelham Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, Miss Biddy Verney, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Akers-Douglas, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, who told me they were off to Prague shortly.

#### DANCE AT GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

COLONEL and Mrs. Denton Carlisle gave a dance for their daughter, Jacqueline, at the Governor's House, Chelsea Hospital, which General Sir Clive and Lady Liddell had kindly lent them, and it made an original setting for a particularly enjoyable evening.

The weather was very kind, and in the garden there was a floodlight which lit up King Charles II.'s statue in a most imposing way. An excellent supper was served in a marquee. Here I saw the Earl of Rocksavage, Miss Elizabeth Kelly, Lord Middleton's daughter, the Hon. Hermione Willoughby, Miss Cherry Henderson Scott, Mr. Willie Bell, and many others.

Enjoying themselves on the dance floor I saw the hostess's tall, attractive daughter, Miss Jackie Carlisle, who wore a lovely dress in a soft shade of pink; the Marquess of Blandford, Miss Penelope Forbes, the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, Mr. Rodney Wace, Miss Angela Jackson, who wore a charming white picture frock, and Mr. Holland.

The Brazilian Ambassador came with his son and his popular wife, the latter looking outstanding in lilac tulle. Others who were enjoying themselves were Miss Penty Henderson, Viscount Cross, Miss Averil Curzon, whose mother, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Curzon, is numbered amongst the recent successful London dance hostesses, and Lady Joan Peake's two daughters, Sonia and Iris.

#### REGENCY FESTIVAL

MR. "CHIPS" CHANNON lent his lovely house in Belgrave Square for a committee meeting to discuss plans for the Regency Festival to be held in Brighton from July 27th to August 10th. Mr. William Teeling, the tall and good-looking Member for Brighton, who is chairman of the Festival Committee, spoke at the meeting, and reminded us that Brighton has the finest example of Regency houses in England, to say nothing of the Pavilion of that period, which is unique.

The Committee hope that this Regency Festival may become an annual affair which visitors from overseas will be able to enjoy. It was great news to hear that Her Majesty the Queen has kindly consented to lend the original furniture from the Pavilion which Queen Victoria had removed to Buckingham Palace when she sold the Pavilion to the Brighton Corporation. The furniture and gold plate which will be on show in the Pavilion during the Festival are being insured (it was said) for a million pounds! Other attractions during the Festival are an intimate opera called *A Regency Diversion*, several concerts, a first-class professional boxing tournament and a Regency ball in the Royal Pavilion on August 1st, which ought to be great fun and a picturesque sight, as although ordinary evening dress can be worn, many guests are coming in clothes of the Regency period, some of them heirlooms which were worn by their ancestors at balls in this Pavilion in the Regency days.

Among those who are taking an active part in the Festival besides Mr. Teeling is the Duke of Devonshire, who is chairman of the Regency Ball with Lady Rachel Davidson and Mrs. John Dewar as co-chairmen of the sub-committee. Mrs. Oswald Birley, Lady Bra-bourne, Mrs. John Sim, Viscountess Rothermere, Mrs. Ronald Tree, Mr. Clifford Musgrave, Alderman Talbat Nanson, the Hon. James Smith and Councillor Howard S. Johnson are others working hard to make the Festival a success.



**Princess Birabongse, wife of Prince Birabongse, the racing motorist. They live in Cornwall, and during the war the Princess worked on a farm**



Pearl Freeman

**Mrs. G. A. Cooke, who married Commander Godfrey A. Cooke, R.N., recently, was Miss Rosemary Musson, of Little Chishill, near Royston, Herts.**

MILEIN COSMAN  
DID THE DRAWINGS

# THE INDONESIAN DANCERS

THE Indonesian dancers, who are at present on tour after a short but successful London season, come from Sumatra, Java, Bali and the Celebes. Their dances are similar except for the Balinese, which follow the Indian style, and the Javanese, in which no facial expression is permitted, or is replaced by masks. The music is played with instruments in which the violin, cello and tom-tom predominate, and the effect, called the "Keronchong," is, unlike much Eastern music, pleasing to Western ears. Dances are often followed by a burlesque.

*Photographs by Gordon Anthony*



*The Prayer, or Greeting, with which every dance begins, demonstrated by Soetarjo, nephew of Prince Nangkunegoro of Solo. He is twenty-nine years old and is an engineering student*





*The Lotus Flower, the delicate poise of the hands which always follows the Prayer.  
The dancer is Soesilo, also an engineering student, who is twenty-seven years old*



*The King Arranges His Clothes*



*Preparing His Hair*



*Fixing His Ear-Rings*



**BURLESQUE:** *The King Arranges His Clothes*



*Preparing His Hair*



*Fixing His Ear-Rings*



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward with her sister, Miss Susan Winn, and her fiancé, the Hon. Geoffrey Russell, Lord Amphil's son and heir, were among the guests



Lady Cunard with Mr. Henry ("Chips") Channon and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston (formerly Princess Natasha Bagration)

## PRISCILLA in PARIS " . . . ball . . . to represent the Trojan War "

IT was hard to tear myself away from the Island, but Paris went so riotously gay last week, as a wind-up to her *grande saison*, that I obeyed the call of duty and reluctantly returned to pavements, long skirts, high heels and late nights. It was all the harder since, after a week of stormy weather, the skies became cloudlessly blue again.

Such amazing, almost terrifying storms. We were "set fair" with a wonderful little new moon to guarantee the continuation of the first really gorgeous spell that we had had for weeks when suddenly the barometer and the heavens crashed! This happened a few hours after the Bikini fireworks, and nothin'-nor-no-one will ever convince me that the series of heavy mists, the gales, blinding thunderstorms and ferocious downpours of hailstones the size of golf-balls that bewilderingly fell upon us were not due to that-there-durned-lil'-ole-bomb!

I ARRIVED back in Paris just in time for the opening night of that very charming singer, Miss Inga Andersen, who is having such a success at the wee, so-smart underground Cabaret des Capucines. *Tout Paris* has fallen for her, and there is a waiting-list as long as a Paris Sunday to help her hang up the washing on that petered-out old Siegfried Line! Wasn't that song one of the bright spots of that unfortunate 1940 and the crazy days when the war was spoken of as *drôle de guerre*?

Three balls were given on the same night the next week. The Bal des Quat' Z'arts, the Bal des Arts and the Nuit des Masques. A little of what one fancies . . . I fancied them all, and having friends *un peu partout*, was able to have my *entrée* at the Salle Wagram, the Hôtel Solomon Rothschild and the Pré Catelan!

The Bal des Quat' Z'arts, the annual jamboree given by the students of the Fine Arts, is one of the gladdest, maddest affairs that one can hope to live through. It has not taken place since 1939 and the Old 'Uns wondered whether the Young 'Uns would be quite so mad and gay as of yore! They were . . . and since this was one of the hottest nights we have had this year the costumes, most of them home-made rag-tags from the studios, were the scantiest that have yet been seen in the streets of Paris. It is *de rigueur*, no matter where one lives or how one is dressed, to go to the Quat' Z'arts on foot. Gay bands of students and models cavorted through Paris from Montparnasse and the Latin Quarter, from Montmartre and other more select haunts to the Salle Wagram, where so many other Quat' Z'arts balls have taken place.

The main theme of the ball was to represent the Trojan War. Agamemnon's army turned up in full force, army and baggage complete (but the Trojan horse was a motor-bus!), and if the lances were fishing-rods tipped with silver paper, the helmets were coal-scuttles and the shields were the lids of dust-bins or other even more domestic utensils, who cared, since the effect was humorous if not very grandiose!

THE Bal des Arts was a very different affair. One of tails-and-shoulders. Lovely frocks and boiled-shirts, of to-day as well as of 1830 and 1900. It took place in the fine old mansion that belonged to Solomon Rothschild and which has now become the Maison des Artistes. Here the naval and military bands of the Fleet and the Chasseurs Alpins played, the Garde Républicaine, in full-dress uniform, was on duty, the guests were announced on their arrival and . . . I'd simply hate to mention the

price of the tickets for the poor dears who weren't invited. Mme. and the Générale de Lattre de Tassigny were there, Mme. and the Générale Juin, the Marquise de Chasseloup, Lautat, Mme. Cossini, the Comtesse de Polignac, Mme. Raoul Arnaud, who, on the stage, is Oléo-of-the-Little-Window fame. Her portrait with her young son, Jean-Loup, is one of the finest things that Van Cauelaert has done.

I missed the floor entertainment, as I was going on to the Pré Catelan, and that was my bad luck, for Paul Collin's pupils, appeared in *tableaux vivants* of famous pictures and Guy Arnoux presented a 1980 studio—or rather, his conception of a 1980 studio—which was particularly hilarious.

TELL it not in Gath, and leave the housetops out of it, but one of the most exciting moments of that gay night was when some of the Quat' Z'arts crowd gate-crashed the Bal des Arts and carried off the Sabines. (Got my dates a bit mixed, haven't I?) In other words, some of the Lovely Frock-wearers decided to keep company with some of the handsome torsos that burst in upon them and, forsaking the Tails and Boiled Shirts, departed from the Salle Wagram, while quite a few charming models from various Rive Gauche studios remained behind in the gardens of the Rothschild mansion to console the Tails. "Exchange is no robbery," said one very lovely Young Lovely as she departed, carried on the shoulder of a stalwart warrior after having introduced a pretty brunette who has often posed for Jean-Gabriel Domergue—who was there, of course—to her elderly husband. The husband did not seem entirely sure of this, but Jean-Gabriel vowed that "everything would soon be *quite* all right," and, after all, he ought to know!



The Regent of Iraq and Lieut.-Commander Bill Richmond. The reception was held at Mr. Channon's home, 5, Belgrave Square



Sir Thomas Butler, who gave the bride away, Mrs. Mackenzie (mother of the bride) and Colonel and Mrs. Baldwin Millard, the bridegroom's parents

## Marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square Millard — Mackenzie

Mr. Guy Elwin Millard, of the Diplomatic Service, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Baldwin Millard, of Hampstead, and Douling, Somerset, was married recently to Miss Anne Mackenzie, only daughter of the late Mr. Gordon Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Hertford Street, W., at St. George's, Hanover Square

THE smartest affair was the Nuit des Masques at the Pré Catelan, in the Bois de Boulogne. A masked ball in a lovely, open-air setting on a beautiful summer's night, with a young crescent moon to light faintly the arbours where electricity had failed to penetrate—could anything have been more idyllic even in these hard-fought times? All the Embassies were there. One could hardly see the waiting cars for the couples! Here again such gorgeous frocks and such enchanting head-dresses and *masques* designed by Christian Bérard. . . . "Bébe" himself wore the conventional black satin half-mask, but then, with his beard and thatch he would have had to put his head into a sack in order not to be recognised, and even so, his enemies probably would sniff him out.

I finished up at the Quat' Z'arts, where the fun was fast and furious and where I found the lovely Young Lovely again. She was lovelier than ever, but her sophisticated coiffure had fallen in a shimmering cascade of ringlets over her shoulders, and where, oh, where, was her frock?

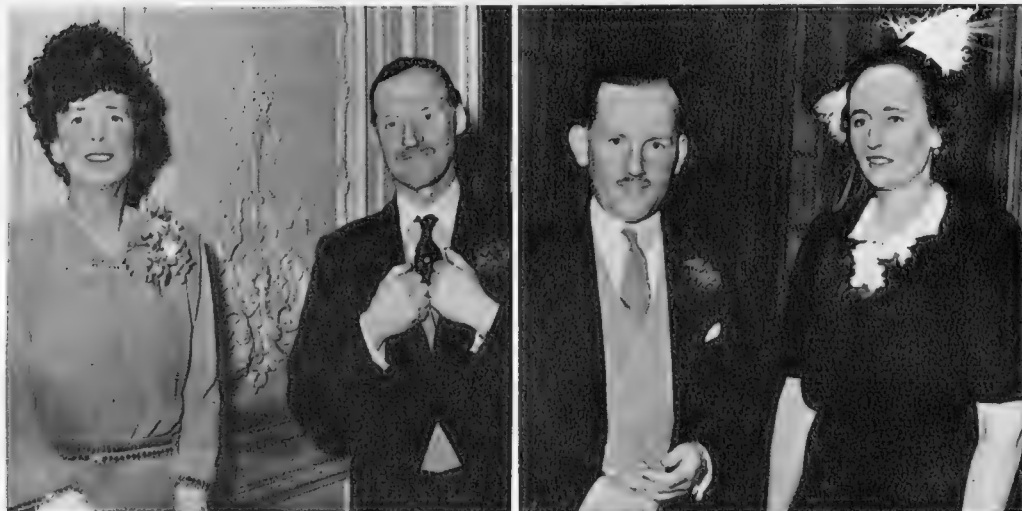
*Voilà!*

● Gamblers are almost as good as fishermen at telling tall stories of their exploits. Some *habitués* of the *tapis vert* were swapping stories, and Monsieur X. related, with many details, how he won over 100,000 francs starting with one *louis*. "When I was at Cannes, before the other war," said Tristan Bernard, who was present, "I did better than that. I was down to my last fifty centimes . . . and those fifty centimes got me 50,000 francs!" "But one couldn't gamble with a fifty-centime stake even in those days," came the incredulous chorus. "No," answered Tristan, "but with fifty centimes I could send a telegram to my bank in Paris."



Mr. Millard helps with his wife's billowing train as she arrives at the reception

# LADY ELIZABETH FORTESCUE, DAUGHTER OF LORD - LIEUTENANT OF DEVONSHIRE, WEDDED TO CAPTAIN WILLIAM BAXENDALE



*The Earl and Countess Fortescue, parents of the bride, who gave the reception.*

*The Earl and Countess of Devon, whose daughter, Lady Katherine Courtenay, was a child attendant*



*Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Lady Pigott-Brown and Mr. Philip Kindersley*

*Capt. Brook and Mrs. Victor Seely, sister-in-law of Viscountess Allendale, were also at the reception*



*The Bride and Bridegroom Receiving the Guests*



*Coldstream*

LADY ELIZABETH FORTESCUE made a beautiful bride in a shimmering dress of white and silver brocade (writes Jennifer) as she walked up the aisle of St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the arm of her father, Earl Fortescue (who is Captain of His Majesty's Bodyguard of Gentlemen-at-Arms and Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire), for her marriage to Capt. William Lloyd Baxendale, the Coldstream Guards, who served with the regiment in North Africa.

Her child attendants were the Earl and Countess of Devon's little daughter, Lady Katherine Courtenay, in a long white organdie dress with pale pink and blue bands, and mixed



formed a Guard of Honour as the Couple Left the Church

flowers in her hair, and Viscount and Viscountess Allendale's youngest son, Andrew, who wore an exact replica of the Coldstream Guards uniform of the eighteenth century. The four older bridesmaids were in attractive dresses of pale blue, with flower head-dresses and bouquets to match.

AFTER the wedding the Earl and Countess Fortescue held a reception at the Savoy, where I saw the bridegroom's parents, Capt. and Mrs. Guy Baxendale (Capt. Baxendale is a former High Sheriff of Sussex); the Earl and Countess of Devon; the bride's uncle, Viscount Allendale, with Viscountess Allendale and

several members of their family; Lord Poltimore, Lord and Lady Airedale, Major and Mrs. Victor Seely, Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, the Hon. Roland and Mrs. Beaumont; Earl Fortescue's brother and heir, the Hon. Denzil Fortescue, with his wife; Col. Rirjd and Lady Margaret Myddelton, Col. Sir Michael and Lady Peto, whose daughter was one of the bridesmaids, and Sir George and Lady Boughey.

THERE were many employees from both the bride and bridegroom's homes in the country who had come up especially for the wedding. The bride looked sweet going away in blue for the honeymoon in Switzerland.



The bridal attendants. Viscount Allendale's youngest son wore a replica of the Coldstream Guards uniform of the eighteenth century



"You've got flowers, but I've got an engine"—  
Lord Hugh Courtenay and his sister at the reception



Lady Jean Coventry with her mother, the Countess of Coventry, who is Joint-Master of the Croome

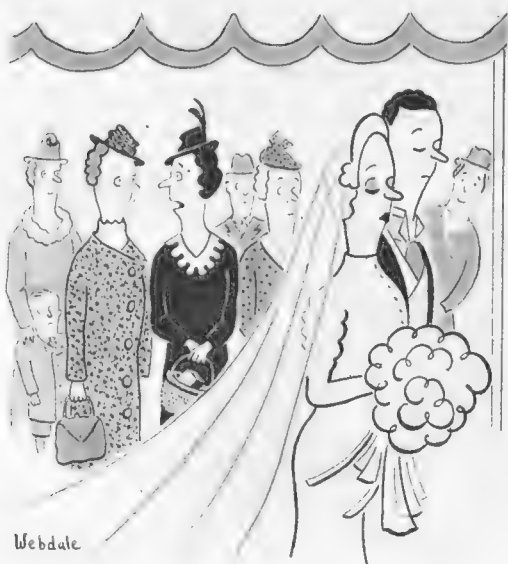


Mr. Langham Miller, Joint-Master of the Croome, and Mrs. Miller, and J. Roberts, the huntsman



Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, M.F.H. of the Dumfriesshire, Lady Buchanan-Jardine and Captain R. Buchanan-Jardine

## MASTERS AND MEMBERS OF HUNTS WHO ATTENDED



Webdale

"Of course, now I remember him—the little page-boy at her first wedding"



"I came out in '23 to convert the heathen"

WHAT discoveries that brain-specialist who has been bemoaning the loss of Hitler's skull hoped to transmit to Posterity we wouldn't know. It is a common enough type of noggin. Dozens of Hitlers brush past one in Piccadilly any day, we guess. All they lack is Hitler's opportunity.

Far more valuable for Posterity's purposes would be the skull of the great Goya, stolen (undoubtedly by a brain-specialist) before the body was removed from Bordeaux to Madrid in the 1840's, and never recovered. What agonies this wicked specialist endured through not being able to grab a little publicity with his conclusions in the Press one may well imagine. Fortunately all good alienists sooner or later go cracky and are thenceforth free from worry. If the Goya Skull had been stolen by a Harley Street alienist one could in fact very easily reconstruct his diary-entries at the "peak" period. E.g.:

TUESDAY, 18TH: 11.30, Barmy Bertha; 12, Lady Loony; 3, Mrs. Haywire; 3.30, Goya.

Note: Goya, interesting case. Two heads. Must write this up for the *Lancet*.

WEDNESDAY, 19TH: Waiting-room full all day. Refused to see any of them because I was expecting Goya at 4. When G. arrived I said: "I have a spare head of yours in my laboratory." G. said: "That's right. Two heads for comfort, boy."

THURSDAY, 20TH: Passed all my titled cases over to Smoky Joe at 298 A. Goya fascinates me. Worked all day on *Lancet* article. G. called at 6. Am certain he has a third head somewhere. What a boon to Science!

And so on (as they say) and so forth; a very ordinary Harley Street experience in the Big Money.

### Hoofers

HOWEVER classic the physique of ace ballet-dancers (male), we thought, scanning a bit of lyric prose on this topic, the real question is how many of the twinkletoe boys could pass the Kemp Test.

This was set in the year 1600 by the professional dancer William Kemp, who danced the Morisco, or Morris, along the highroad all the way from London to Norwich, some 120 miles, and described his performance in that charming pamphlet, *Kemps Nine Daies Wonder*. Attended by "Thomas Slye my Taberer, Wm. Bee my seruant, and George Sprat, appointed for my Ouerseer," Mr. Kemp danced his triumphal way into Norwich, as thousands cheered, after several adventures, such as dodging the kicks outside Romford of "two strong Ladies beating and byting either of the

other," getting mixed up with thugs and cops at Brentwood, romping here and there with "lusty Country-lasses," and depriving the Lord Chief Justice of his gaping public at Bury St. Edmunds. Note above all that Mr. Kemp was lavishly dined and wined at almost every halt by the local nobbs, a feat at which every streamlined modern ballet-boy would shudder and squeak.

### Footnote

WE had thought of forcing a prig-mathematician of our acquaintance to calculate Kemp's approximate expended energy in man-hour-foot-pounds-per-second per second, his calorific intake in grammes-per-isotherm, and all the rest of it, but why worry? As an all-round hoover Mr. Kemp obviously has the Sadler's Wells boys knocked for a row of Japanese toothpicks.

They could stand up to the actual roadwork, doubtless, but what about nervous reactions, on getting mixed up with those frightful ladies? How barbarous, one means how too utterly Gothic.

### Move

HEAP big palaver in the lodges of the Pale-face, our spies report, over that recent proclamation by the Ponca Indians of Oklahoma ending the state of war which has existed between the Ponca Nation and Germany ever since 1917.

Judging by a pureblooded Red Indian in whose luxurious Park Avenue wigwam we once or twice drank firewater, this is no hasty move, but the result of that long, mature, silent deliberation with which the Red Man prefaces, say, a big coup in real-estate. The tribe is assembled in conclave at intervals. The young warriors come loping back from Harvard and Notre Dame and Yale, the young squaws from Bryn Mawr and Vassar. No word may be spoken for hours and the council breaks up. However, one night in the late 1920's some aged chief of the Ponca Nation may well have drawn his Tuxedo round him and, toying grimly with his gold Phi-Beta-Kappa key, have uttered the word "Ugh!" This would give rise to some discussion in the tribe.

"I guess Grandpop has just ordered the War-Dance."

"War-Dance nothing! 'Ugh!' means 'I don't want a Pierce-Arrow next time, I want a Rolls.'"

"Listen, if you want the War-Dance you say 'Wah!'"

"Aw go climb a tree! 'Wah!' is an obsolete paradigmatic form in Middle Huron!"

"Well, whatever Grandpop said, he's nuts."

## D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS



## THE FOXHOUND SHOW AT PETERBOROUGH, NORTHANTS.

The Hon. Mrs. James Baird, O.B.E., who hunts with the Cottesmore, and the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H.

Mrs. Sutcliffe and Sir George Merrick were two other keenly interested spectators

Mr. W. W. B. Scott, Master of the North Cotswold, and Mrs. Scott

# Standing By ...

Probably Grandpop did say "Wah!" using the hieratic inflection which sends the braves leaping for hatchet, rifle, and war-feathers with a bloodfreezing yell and trotting out in single file; but as everybody was wildly excited at the time about the Red Sox' chances in the coming World-Series, nobody noticed it and the matter dropped. Anyhow, the hatchet is now buried and the Pipe ordered from Dunhill's.

### Waterpiece

ASKING herself in a refined journal why the Lake School of Poets never settled by remote, lovely Bala Lake, Merionethshire, just acquired for the nation, instead of going to the bleak North, a quiet girl got no answer worth recording. It's quite a story, nevertheless.

Dazed, drunk, and desperate (see Max Beerbolan's dinnertable cartoon) because Coleridge never stopped lecturing day or night, his poetic friends ultimately decided at Southey's suggestion to drown him in the nearest lake, which Wordsworth assured them, with a hiccup, was Bayswater. When they got Coleridge, with frightful difficulty, in a cab to Bayswater they naturally found no lake. At a modest dairy near Whiteley's, where they stopped for a milkshake, the buxom, blackeyed proprietress suggested Bala Lake. "Effery chentleman that iss trownt in Pala iss creat fun for efferypotty whateffer," said affable Mrs. Jones the Dairy. "And possibly, you fellows," added Wordsworth, who had been musing deeply, "we might stay on at Bala afterwards and improve the locals a-bit. You know—plain living and high thinking, and so forth."

At this speech Mrs. Jones the Dairy went into shrieks of laughter, well knowing what happens to people who try to improve the ferocious locals of Merionethshire. A macabre, chilly silence fell on the assembly. "Boys," said Southey at length, "I'm psychic. There's dirt afoot. This Welch hag will be the death of us. Let's try the English Lakes," shouted Southey, wiping his mouth, "where the suckers are smooth." So they tried the English Lakes forthwith, and having tossed Coleridge into Derwentwater *en passant* they settled down very nicely (End).

### Pal

NOTHING (as Mr. Joe Lawson of the Manton Stables remarked a little time ago) needs company like a horse. Which is one of the primal unforgettable truths Auntie Times's little readers seem apt to overlook.

Anybody who has ever tried to keep one horse in a paddock knows it is impossible. Gilbert White of Selborne tells a story of a lonely horse

who would leap from his stable window in search of company, and of another who struck up a desperate friendship with a hen. Yet no sooner has the M.C.C. daringly decided, by granting them all initials, to destroy the barrier separating amateur cricketers from professionals on score-cards, than we find Auntie's little mischief-makers pouting and fussing and creating difficulties for these longfaced flannel-clad chums, the noblest friends—next to the horse they so strangely resemble—of man.

Cricketers need company. This is partly self-protective, partly a deeper instinct; for when they are together they make stunning jokes. These lead to loud neighings which, in turn, attract the female and thus, in due course, perpetuate the species.

### Correction

A DULLISH M.P. publicly reciting the hackneyed line "Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art," got it wrong, as usual. The line Landor wrote, or rather rewrote twice, at his publisher's request, is far different.

Having dutifully changed "Art" to "Bert" after his publisher, a wealthy, genial person, had explained that "Art" (short for "Arthur") was the name of his brother, who was in the insurance line in the City and highly respected, Landor to his dismay found the conversation developing thus:

PUBLISHER (reading): "Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Bert." H'm.

(Here the kindly publisher carefully lights a large cigar, after which he begins to shake a large bald head, in silence.)

LANDOR: No good?

PUB. (sadly): Boy, what it is it's like this. If only my wife's second cousin wasn't called Bert, he being in the butter-breaking and very sensitive—

(Here the publisher waves his cigar, signifying impossibility and despair.)

LANDOR (weakly): Too bad.

PUB.: He'd raise hell, Bert would. Cor, he'd eat your liver, boy.

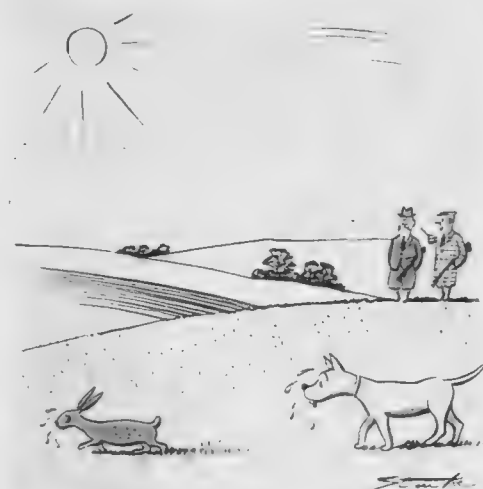
(Here Landor begins to cry. The kindly publisher, much concerned, suddenly emits a yell.)

PUB.: Got it!

LANDOR (sobbing): Y-y-yes?

PUB.: "Nature I loved, and next to Nature, BARTS!"

They had of course to get the permission of Mr. Burke (of Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, &c.) to use this. Mr. Burke was pessimistic. "It's meself that's asking ye," said Mr. Burke in his sad, soft Irish voice, "who the devil would be aafter loving a Bart?" However, the thing was pushed through.



"Phew! It's hot"



"Don't put the cat out to-night, Cyril; with this meat shortage you can't tell what'll happen"



AT THE COSGROVE HALL, NORTHANTS, BALL IN AID OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE  
Mrs. Victor Bascombe, Mr. Victor Bascombe (formerly Air Commodore),  
Lord and Lady Denham and their daughter, the Hon. Peggy Bowyer  
Miss Lavinia Jones, Mr. D. Evans, Capt. R. Saunders (Royal Indian  
Artillery), Major Tony Rawlings and the Hon. Marygold Mills



Clapperton, Selkirk

### Garden Fête in Roxburghshire

The Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Angela Dawnay and Lady Ellesmere at the garden fête held at St. Boswells, Roxburghshire, in aid of the St. Boswells Golf Club



Peake Pasha (Mr. F. G. Peake, C.M.G., C.B.E., O.B.E.) and Mrs. Peake, in the grounds of whose house, The Holmes, the fête was held

## PICTURES IN THE FIRE

So far, no owner has been so unfeeling as to name one of his running horses "Scheherazade," but an eminent visitor from across the oceans has called one of his colts Sayajirao. At the time of going to press, no bookmaker has been compelled to proclaim his willingness to take 6 to 4 about this distinguished steed, but no one with echoes of "Bay Ram" ringing in his ears can view the prospect without some feelings of emotion. It is not fair on either our jovial friends The Enemy, or upon the young gents, who are deputed to impart racing knowledge to us over the wireless waves, that they should be expected to possess any knowledge of Persian, or even of Hindi.

### Promising Colt

EXACTLY what, or who, was, or is, Sayajirao, I do not pretend to know; all that I do know is that H.H. the Gaekwar's colt looks good enough for anything, and that it was inexpensively wise to keep him off the hard ground at Lingfield. Let us hope this policy will be maintained. Surely, with a strong fixed point like Mighty Mahratta upon which to march, there is not much need to pull out Sayajirao till the Middle Park? His owner is not one of those who are compelled to race for the plunder. He is very rich.

Incidentally, the last syllable in this colt's name is pronounced "row," as signifying a shindy, and not as signifying the thing they do at Henley. A Rao is some kind of chieftain, e.g., the Rao of Cutch. The terminal "ji" in Sayaji can be found in Sivaji, the most eminent figure in the Hindu Pantheon, and this fact may give a clue to the studious and erudite. The name may, therefore, mean "Saya the Exalted Chieftain"; but yelling it out in the Ring is going to be a bad tongue-twister for some folk. I think anything said about the hard ground and this colt applies equally to other valuable horses, about whom no further information is needed.

### Goodwood and Sedgemoor

IF pitchforks, scythes and blunderbusses had been able to defeat James II.'s regulars in the tragic battle mounted by the best-looking and most foolish of all the Stuarts, then the Cup which we are shortly about to see would undoubtedly have been called the Charlton Cup (let us hope, incidentally, that we can keep it here in spite of the French invaders).

When Monmouth, Grey and Squire Roper were hunting the fox in 1679 over the Goodwood country now part of the domain of the Cowdray, Charlton was the hub of the southern

fox-hunting world. Six years before Sedgemoor (1685), Monmouth said to Lord Grey: "When I am King I shall come and keep my court at Charlton!" He was as certain as all that about it!

At that time no one had ever heard of Goodwood; even seventy years later it was described as "somewhere near Charlton"; to-day, who has ever heard of Charlton, though some may have heard it spoken of as "a tything of the Parish of Singleton in some valley north of the Goodwood hills." But in Monmouth's time it was something like a compendium of racing G.H.Q. and Melton. Later on, as many know, Charlton was called "the Melton of the South," and boasted the best pack of foxhounds in all England, too fast by far for the early Hanoverians, who found it took them all their time to keep the lumbering and-lawed Buckhounds in view. George IV. was the only Hanoverian who understood how good were the descendants of the Monmouth-Grey-Roper hounds, and he eventually acquired them by gift from the second Duke of Richmond. The sporting Prince of Wales took some of these hounds to Dorset to reinforce the pack he already had in John James Farquharson's country, but the bulk of them were drafted into the Royal Buckhounds to replace the old towlers.

Monmouth might have selected "Harroway near Goodwood" as his racecourse, but Charlton undoubtedly would have been the real centre—but for those pitchforks! Grey was Monmouth's second-in-command at Sedgemoor, and suffered the same cruel fate as his master. Roper, who hunted hounds, and was mainly responsible for the fine kennel which was bred, managed to escape the Bloody Assize, vanished to the Continent until after the Battle of the Boyne (1690) and then came back and achieved further hunting fame under Orange William, finally dying in the odour of sanctity, I think somewhere near Charlton. The first Goodwood Cup, the oldest race in the programme, was instituted in 1812 (a bad year for Boney!), and the year when the Duke of Richmond's Goodwood hounds ceased to exist, and were given to the Prince of Wales.

### The Almost Inevitable

YET once again time prevented a clean-cut decision in the Eton and Harrow match. A draw in Eton's favour is not much satisfaction to a good side. The name of the principal opponent of Eton was Thorne. However overwhelming the temptation to make an obvious remark, it must be resisted. This young hero from The Hill can both bat and

## "Oh, My Oxford and My Cambridge, Long Ago"



Holloway, Northampton

### CRICKET CLUB

The hostess, Mrs. G. H. Winterbottom, singing a duet with Mr. E. Kitchener

### By "Sabretache"

bowl. A sharp thorn indeed is he! He collected six Eton wickets in their first innings, and then, going in halfway down the list, accomplished the best knock of his whole side—half a century.

While in another arena of sport the various Daniels are so busy picking the winner of the 1947 Derby for us, I make no apology for chipping in with three "colts" for England in, say, 1948: Rudd and Coles (Eton) and Thorne (Harrow). I thought that these three stood out many yards, and Thorne especially, because the Eton bowling was a long sight better than that of the school whose tie is a first cousin to that of the gallant "Horse Marines." The B.B.C., I hear, though I did not listen-in, studiously boycotted this match. Another manifestation perhaps of the Upper Tooting Bicycle Club colours?

### Some More Unpopular Wenches

SOMEONE, who I am afraid must recently have been discarded by some Fair Unfair, for he seems to have a down on the whole sex, says that when "Maud" and others were recently mentioned in these notes, my friends and I missed out "the half of them." I certainly did my best and threw in Helen, Dido, Guinevere and Rosalind. But this other fellow says how could we leave out Jezebel, Cleopatra and Queen Bess, and how about Gareth's "two female twerps, Lyonors and Lynette"? I give him the first three with pleasure because all of them, bar perhaps Cleopatra, for whom no one found the right bit, were rather above the odds; but not the other two!

My correspondent says most unpleasant things about "Oriana" and her one, and only, bath, and also about her language and her little failing for kicking people in the stomach. Everyone to his own taste, of course, but I would rather have gone out hunting with the Virgin Queen, than with Jezebel, no matter how many points on looks the latter may have been ahead of England's Artemis.

As to the other two ladies, however, I think history indicates that Gareth had a pretty good eye, and was never really in doubt. Lynette called Gareth everything, while she was under the impression that he was only one of Sir Kay's scullions, but she took it all back most handsomely even before she discovered that he was really of the Royal House of King Lot. She was unquestionably a bit of a shrew, but as to the rest . . . well, have you ever found one any good at all that could not buck and kick a bit until you had taken the curl out of it. I will not have Lyonors and Lynette thrown in with the other lot. I am sure they were both perfectly charming.



Through the Arches of the Years the party of Oxford players of 1896 watch Oxford beat Cambridge at Lord's by six wickets in 1946



Five out of the six survivors of the Oxford XI, which beat Cambridge fifty-one years ago were guests of Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower at the recent University match. Three of them, seen above, were Mr. G. J. Mordaunt, Col. J. C. Hartley and Mr. C. C. Pilkington

## SCOREBOARD

ETON AND HARROW AND  
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE  
—AND SO ON

by R. C. Robertson Glasgow.

MANY happy returns to the Eton and Harrow. As welcome as a Schubert song after a whining speech by Mr. Herbert Morrison. Fewer top-hats about; and many of those few rather angry and ruffled after long sleep disturbed. First prize for grey top-hat with air-hole to the Cricket Elder, who put it on after breakfast on the first day of the Varsity match and stuck to it through the following week, including nights, when he lay at 45 degrees against five pillows, and superimposed an I Zingari night-cap with Oxford Harlequin tassels.

I looked in vain for my Old Etonian pal in the Tavern. Perhaps he had muddled his calendar. He was there for the corresponding fixture in '38, or was it '39? He had not been a boy at Eton; but a whim, or a wager, had persuaded him to arrive in character. He wore a frock-coat, striped trousers, and an Old Etonian tie. When first sighted, he was only moderately whistled, but was taking steps to improve his circumstances. In his button-hole was a red, red rose. Scepticism was first tickled when he called the lady of the beer-engine "my old bit o' fancy china," and told her "there's still a few 'oller places in me ruddy legs." Naked disbelief was reached when he accused an Old Harrovian, who sought priority at the counter, of Bulgarian origins. Certain gentlemen of the Brigade, who had been nervously pulling at the spot reserved for moustaches, approached him and questioned his credentials. "Who was y'tutor?" they asked. "What school did you go on to after Eton?" But the Great Pretender was not to be drawn. He put them off with vague references to estates in Smithfield, and ordered pints all round.

DURING the Oxford v. Cambridge match Mr. H. D. G. ("Shrimp") Leveson-Gower entertained in his box five of the six surviving members (counting himself) from his Oxford team which beat Cambridge in 1896. His guests were Sir Pelham Warner, Mr. G. J. Mordaunt, Mr. C. C. Pilkington and Mr. J. C. Hartley. Mr. H. K. Foster, eldest of the seven brothers, was unable to make the journey from Herefordshire. Had he been present, he would have seen the only Varsity match innings, M. P. Donnelly's 142 for Oxford, which equals, maybe surpasses, in brilliance his own 121, made fifty-one years earlier. Foster, one of the greatest drivers in cricket's history, had a first-innings 0 to wipe out. In two hours, he scored 121 out of 159, 80 of them by boundaries, and an evening newspaper poster announced—"H. K. FOSTER v. Cambridge."

Digressing for a moment on the lost delights of the poster; once, when strolling down the streets of Manchester with the cricket correspondent of *The Times*, in that state of frustration and give-it-up which sometimes assails the Southern emigrant, I drew his attention, at all times errant, to two juxtaposed posters. The first said—"MORNING POST. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow on the Test." The second one ran—"Read *The Times* and see what really happened."

## ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK

LITERARY movements in France are to-day being studied with interest by those who love that great country and who care for writing. France's literature has, for centuries, been not only foremost among her glories, but an integral part of her life. Now, since the liberation, in what spirit, with what attitude and with what philosophy are we to find French writers emerging from the ordeal of the last years? We look for the answer, first, in poetry and in novels—from among these, any that are outstanding are being eagerly seized upon. Translators into English, for the British and American publics, have for some time been hard at work.

Albert Camus's *L'Étranger* has been ably translated by Stuart Gilbert, and is published in this country under the title of *The Outsider*, by Hamish Hamilton, at 6s. *The Outsider* is on its way to becoming one of the most talked-about novels of this summer—its reputation, coming to us from France, preceded by some time its appearance here. It is an odd, disconcerting, in many ways unamenable book, likely to strike the average English reader amidsthips and puzzle him. An introduction, for the English edition, was obviously desirable, and an excellent introduction has been provided by Cyril Connolly—one of the critics and editors who have done most to keep us in touch with contemporary literary life in France. Mr. Connolly at once places M. Camus and offers (while not forcing upon us) a key to his work.

### Algerian

"THE OUTSIDER" is, we learn, the first book of a writer, now in his middle thirties, who played a notable part in the French Resistance Movement, who edited the daily paper *Combat*, and whose name has been linked with that of Jean Paul Sartre in the forefront of the new philosophical and realistic school of French literature. He has written two remarkable plays. But something more than this information is necessary, Mr. Connolly feels, to our understanding of Albert Camus. He is an Algerian.

What is an Algerian? He is not a French colonial, but a citizen of France domiciled in North Africa, a man of the Mediterranean, an *homme du midi*, yet one who hardly partakes of the traditional Mediterranean culture. . . . for him there is no eighteenth century, no baroque, no renaissance, no crusades or troubadours in the past of the Barbary Coast; nothing but the Roman Empire, decaying dynasties of Turk and Moor, the French Conquest and the imposition of the laws and commerce of the Third Republic on the ruins of Islam. It is from a sultry and African corner of Latin civilisation that *The Outsider* emerges, the flower of a pagan and barrenly Philistine culture.

At the close of the introduction—which has, it seems, aroused hardly less lively conflicting criticism than the novel itself—Mr. Connolly thus sums up *The Outsider's* hero:

He is a negative destructive force who shows up the unreality of bourgeois ethics. It is not enough to love life, we must teach everyone else to love it, we must appreciate that happiness is consciousness, and consciousness is one, that all its manifestations are sacred, and it is from these newer schools of novelists and poets in all countries, that one day we will learn it.

### Meursault

WHO is the hero of *The Outsider*, what does he do? To begin with, the use (my own) of the word "hero" in the case of this novel is misleading. There is no attempt to bid for sympathy for the central figure, to claim rectitude for him or make him attractive. He is the "I," and in reading the story we must enter his being, accept his world. The "I" is Meursault, a young man Algerian-born and working as a clerk in a shipping office in Algiers.

He is the only son of his mother, whom he has placed in a home for aged persons: the story begins with the news of his mother's death in the home, Meursault's watch by her coffin in the mortuary, and subsequent attendance at the funeral. He neither feels nor manifests any grief.

Returning to Algiers he continues his normal life and acquires, the same day, as his mistress an amiable and affectionate young girl, Marie. Meursault falls in with a fellow-lodger in his apartment house, one Raymond, of doubtful reputation, who is quarrelling with an Arab girl he has kept: the clerk, on behalf of his new friend, writes a trouble-causing letter to the girl. Henceforward, Raymond is shadowed by the girl's revengeful brother, who appears in the offing one Sunday when Meursault, Raymond and Marie leave town for a day's swimming and beach life. The sun is hot, the lunch heavy, the wine plentiful: after lunch Meursault goes off for a stroll by himself, carrying Raymond's pistol, and shoots the Arab, who has been quietly lying by a stream. He is arrested, tried and condemned to death: we part from him in the condemned cell.

He is, in fact, to die for the gratuitous murder of a man who was nothing at all to him. Raymond—to whom, if anyone, the Arab had been a threat—is as totally a matter of indifference to Meursault as is every other character in the story. Are we, then, witnessing the adventures of an "innocent," or of a point-blank lunatic? Either would be dull—and it is with neither that M. Camus presents us. He presents us, rather, with the case of a man—healthy, observant, normally intelligent—from whose make-up both morality and emotion have been omitted. Meursault swims with the tide, he can maintain himself, he thoroughly enjoys life, he is conscious of no quarrel with society. He renders himself—remember—a criminal only by one gratuitous and unmeaning act, for which, as Mr. Connolly points out, a successful defence of sunstroke might well have been brought. What he is—hence the title—is "an outsider": he is outside the so-called normal emotions of humanity.

### Monster?

IT is for his past of emotional abnormality—as brought out by successive witnesses at the trial—that Meursault is, virtually, sent to the guillotine. His having placed his mother in a home, his callousness at her funeral, his having taken up with Marie on the same day, his having aided a pimp (as Raymond turns out to be) to trap and maltreat a defenceless Arab girl, and the not one but five deliberate shots fired into the body of the girl's brother, are all raised against him. The trial scene, told from Meursault's point of view, is the core of the book: he is puzzled by everyone's attitude. What is



Mr. Gandhi, with Dr. Shushila Naygar (left) and Miss Slade

# REVIEWS

"The Outsider"

"The Road of Excess"

"The Late Mrs. Prioleau"

"The Pen is Mightier"

the crime in not having felt when one is not, by nature, constituted to feel? There comes, however, a moment—"It was then I felt a sort of wave of indignation spreading through the court-room, and for the first time I understood that I was guilty."

Were *The Outsider* merely the portrait of an abnormal monster, it would belong to the realm of "curious" literature, and be of little serious value. It is of serious value because, through the medium of Meursault's mind (which registers so acutely, vividly and truly everything, every sensation that matters to him), the question, "what is normality?" is raised. Non-admirable except in that he never pretends or fakes, Meursault is a challenge to his judges—and to the reader. The Meursaults of this world are execrated for their failure to make the expected, and therefore orthodox, emotional responses. But those very responses—how often are they genuine, deep, uncalculated and from the heart? In how many of those who appear to make them are they pure conventions, a bid for the approval of society? *The Outsider* comes from a generation, and I think may speak to a generation, in whom "feeling" has been put to an acid test.

## Isaac Butt

"THE ROAD OF EXCESS," by Terence de Vere White (Browne and Nolan; 15s.), is the biography of Isaac Butt—that great Irishman to whom the Home Rule movement owed its inception. Butt's career, with its apparent *alte face* (for he began life as a vigorous Unionist) and its intricate to-and-fro between Westminster and Dublin while he was leader of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, cannot but be of interest to every student of nineteenth-century political history. And not less, I think, should the story appeal to those who look for humanity behind politics. Mr. de Vere White has treated his subject at once broadly and deeply; the material he has collected is impressive, and he handles this both with ease and well. Best of all, from the point of view of the general reader, he has brought to his portrait of Isaac Butt the geniality its subject deserves. For here is a man, lovable even in his faults, and to be admired even in his failures. "The Road of Excess leads to the Palace of Wisdom"—from that proverb of Blake's is the title drawn. Butt did nothing by halves—it seems ironical, knowing the whole story, that, towards the close of his days at Westminster, when Parnell was so rapidly coming up on him, the old leader should have been charged with too much caution. He was for one set of tactics in the Home Rule fight, the younger "Obstructionists" for another; but he conducted his own indefatigably, and with only gradually fading hopes.

Born in 1813, in Co. Donegal, Isaac Butt was the son of a Church of Ireland clergyman. He

was a precocious child, and did brilliantly at Trinity College, Dublin; where he became Auditor of the famous College Historical Society and, later, Whately Professor of Economics. His writings on economic and historical subjects, remarkable for their force, began early—to the suppression, apparently, of a considerable romantic-imaginative vein: he wrote one novel, some stories, and he projected others. His career at the Irish Bar was no less remarkable; his reputation rose steadily and he could have made big money—which, indeed, he needed: financial troubles dogged him from cradle to grave. Butt, however, put generosity first—his defence of the Young Irelanders in the '48 trials landed him up in gaol for debt: twenty years later, no better off, he defended the Fenians. Politically, his name has been overshadowed first by that of O'Connell (against whose Goliath, during the Repeal agitations, Butt stood up as a youthful Unionist David), latterly by that of Parnell. His staunch and unshaken Conservatism, his interest in Imperial affairs, made this Home Rule leader, to many, an enigmatic figure. Accounts of debates, trials and stormy meetings make *The Road of Excess* entertaining reading—this book should do much to restore Isaac Butt to his rightful place.

## Mother-in-Law

"THE LATE MRS. PRIOLEAU" (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.) is one of those rare first novels which indent the author's name in one's mind. The author is Monica Tindall. A young married woman, Susan, attempts to reconstruct the character of her husband's mother from the family's odd reactions after the lady's death, the contents of a frowsty, untidy house, and some cryptic allusions in family talk. "The first and only time I saw my mother-in-law was when she lay dead in her coffin," Susan begins. Why, apart from the neurotic outbursts of Austin, the eldest son, had the late Mrs. Prioleau been so unregretted? What had changed a once lovely and vivid girl into an embittered, down-at-the-heel woman? Susan, left to clear up after Mrs. Prioleau's death, arrives, stage by stage, at the answer. A parrot, an injured dog, a box of hats and a bundle of letters help. The first half of this novel is, I consider, brilliant; the second, though more straightforward, not quite so good.

## Cartoons

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER" (Lindsay Drummond; 12s. 6d.) is an anthology of Allied war cartoons, edited by J. J. Lynx. They range from the vitriolic to the mildly satirical: of the artists, some are very well known to us, others less so—in most cases, one is grateful for the introduction. This pictorial war history is effective—though some cartoons, I thought, would have gained by bearing their dates.

## "Three Continents, 1944-45"

These sketches of Indian subjects are taken from Feliks Topolski's recent book *Three Continents, 1944-45* (Methuen; £2 10s.), a pictorial record of his wartime journeyings in Europe, Asia and Africa. They are typical of the peculiarly vivid and fluent draughtsmanship with which he has caught the colour and movement of the East



Jaipur: Soldiers at the Maharajah's Palace



Jaipur: The End of a Procession



Mr. Jinnah, the Moslem Leader



Dancing-Girls at the Palace, Jaipur



Punjabi Officers on Parade at Meerut



Tennant—Ogilvy

Capt. Iain Mark Tennant, Scots Guards, eldest son of the late Col. Edward Tennant, and of Mrs. Tennant, of Park West, W., married Lady Margaret Ogilvy, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, of Cortachy, Kirriemuir, Angus, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Forbes—Tate

Mr. Henry Forbes, son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Forbes, of Wentworth, Virginia Water, Surrey, married Miss Pamela A. Tate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, of Burrow Hill Farm, Chobham, Surrey, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Anderson—Davison

Capt. Gordon F. Anderson, M.C., The Black Watch (R.H.R.), son of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Anderson, of Dundee, married Miss Joyce L. Davison, daughter of Mrs. A. E. Geens, and stepdaughter of Mr. A. E. Geens, of Bournemouth, at St. Stephen's, Bournemouth



Fenning—Hopkins

Capt. Robert M. F. Fenning, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. W. Fenning, of Devonshire Place, Exeter, married Miss Grace B. Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. W. Hopkins, of Roland House, S.W.7, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

## GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Lorraine-Smith—Hilder

Major George N. Lorraine-Smith, 14/20th King's Hussars, eldest son of the late Mr. G. A. Lorraine-Smith, and of Mrs. Lorraine-Smith, of Broadway, Worcs., married Miss Marguerite N. Hilder, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. T. M. M. Hilder, of Ingatestone, Essex



Cathcart—Smyth-Osbourne

Capt. Earl Cathcart, Scots Guards, of Nethway House, Kingswear, South Devon, married Miss Rosemary Smyth-Osbourne, younger daughter of Air Commodore and Mrs. H. P. Smyth-Osbourne, of Holmedown, Exbourne, North Devon, at Brompton Oratory



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crease-resisting finish. This  
set is made in slender  
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AGENTS IN THE WEST END AND PROVINCES

H. J. Nicoll & Co. Ltd., 120 Regent St., London, W.1 Tel. REGent 1951

## Jean Lorimer's Page



Clothes which lead double, even triple, lives are the secret of the well-dressed woman who travels by air. "Switchability," "packability," "wearability" are the three passwords, and the result is a complete wardrobe weighing no more than the maximum 55 lbs. allowed by regulation, yet so well planned that its owner is prepared for a six-months' stay abroad. The idea was wonderfully demonstrated at a fashion parade held at the Hungaria Restaurant recently. Above, lounging-at-home clothes are skilfully transformed into a very smart dance frock by the addition of a striped wrap-around skirt

## FASHIONS FOR THE AIRBORNE



The morning dress becomes a smart restaurant dress by the addition of a wide swathed satin hip band and a smart little "high-hat" which folds up and is carried in the handbag when not in use. The shoes are classic black opera pump equipped with twelve possible buckle changes

The six-piece play-clothes outfit is seen above in two aspects, but is also equipped with matching bathing shorts and bra, all of wool jersey. The huge beach hat, of the same material, is, with a snap of the wrist and the pull of a drawstring, transformed into an outsize hold-all handbag

'Celanese' strikes a high note  
throughout C. B. Cochran's

*Big Ben*



... ONE OF THE ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY  
DORIS ZINKEISEN CREATED FOR BIG BEN IN

**'Celanese'**  
TRADE MARK

The dresses and décor in the Opening Scene of this spectacular new production have all been designed in 'Celanese' Fabrics by Doris Zinkeisen—and other gowns throughout the show are also of 'Celanese' by Honoria Plesch. At the moment these can only be exciting promises of fabrics you will one day be able to buy, but already they are playing an important part in another all-British Production . . . in the Nation's Export Drive.

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it's Young...  
it's Romantic*

The most enchanting yet sophisticated make-up Helena Rubinstein ever created. It makes your complexion irresistible... gives lips a deep, vibrant colour. Once you try it you'll want to wear it with everything.



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*Quality*

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*will bring the name of your nearest retailer*

# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

**T**AKING a walk in Galway, a priest stopped to ask an Irish peasant how far it was to Corrofin. "About half a mile down the road, Father. And God speed you!"

He walked a half mile, then another. Not until he had walked six miles did the priest arrive at Corrofin. When he returned in the late afternoon he met the same Irishman. "What did you mean by telling me Corrofin was only a half mile away?" he asked indignantly. "It was six miles!"

"Well," answered the native, "I gave you a half mile to Corrofin. That got you started. Somebody else gave you another half mile. That drove you on a bit further. In Ireland we do be always wanting to soften the journey of a stranger by giving him little dribbles of encouragement. Sure there'd be nobody going any place here on a hot day if people knew how far they had to go to get there."

**Y**ou could tell she was just the type—pretty as a doll and just as dumb—as she floated through the cocktail lounge with a fuzzy poodle under her arm. She seated herself, and, as the waiter prepared to take her order, baby-talked the dog into exasperation.

Trying to comfort the fidgeting animal (the waiter still waited) she cooed: "There, there, now, mama's itsybitsy baby—nobody's going to hurt 'oo."

The poodle settled after a while, and the girl turned big blue eyes to meet the icy glare of the waiter, who asked, courteously but biting: "Your first dog, madam?"

**I**N Tokyo's burned-out main street, the Ginza, a little Japanese in a conglomeration of rags shuffled up to an American Air Force major. Pointing to his pilot's wings, the Japanese asked, "You B-29 flyer?" The major said he was. The Japanese grinned. "You killed my wife, two daughters. My home go p-o-o-f. Whole city go p-o-o-f."

The flyer said nothing; an answer was hard to find. But he didn't need one. "You great war man," the little Jap said, patted the flyer admiringly on the arm, grinned toothily, bowed and shuffled off.



## National Playing Fields Association Dinner: by "Mel"

A large number of distinguished people gathered at the Mansion House recently, to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the National Playing Fields Association. The Lord Mayor presided, and the toast of the National Playing Fields Association was proposed by Mr. Hugh Dalton and supported by Sir John Anderson, while Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett replied. "Our Guests" was proposed by the Earl of Dudley, and the reply was given by the Bishop of London and Lord Horder. Messages were read from H.M. the King and from the Earl of Derby, who is the president

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old-fashioned*

says OLD HETHERS

but I'm all for modern methods—yes, even when it comes to making barley water! You don't imagine I use the old-fashioned pearl barley, do you, when there's a tin of Robinson's 'Patent' Barley in the shop round the corner? Not me, madam. There's no stewing and straining with Robinson's—it's so fine-ground. Just follow the simple directions and you can't go wrong... Mind you, when I'm able to get their ready-made barley water in bottles again, I'll let Robinson's do the work!

**Barley Water from  
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CVS-94

# Vita-Weat

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OF REGENT STREET

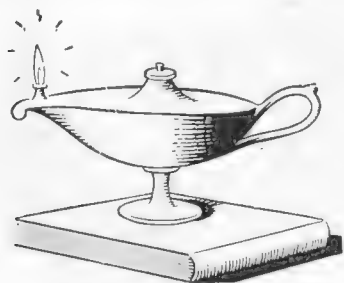
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is being made again



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state of medical  
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Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these harassing days. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined.

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NERVE TONIC

In one size only for the time being—  
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*The Avro Tudor II air liner on view at the display arranged by the Ministry of Supply at Farnborough for the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference. Its large capacity, interior comfort and graceful lines caused much favourable comment*

A CORRESPONDENT, who writes as if he were profoundly shocked, asks me if I have read an article on directing and direction of policy which appeared recently in a technical paper. He quotes: "It cannot be said that the British transport aircraft now being built are very interesting, and no apparent attempt has been made to improve upon American design," and much else, and he goes on to deprecate "this decrying of everything British."

The fact is, that not only have I read the article, but I had something to do with its appearance. It has certainly created a stir, for it is strongly critical of the progress being made in this country with transport aircraft. The blame is laid first on the "requirements" issued by Government departments, and secondly on aircraft companies which will not undertake to design and build sufficiently advanced aircraft.

It is pointed out, for instance, that there are four bodies which must get together before anything can be done about designing and building a transport aircraft: the Ministry of Civil Aviation, the Ministry of Supply, the users (airline operators), and the aircraft constructor. And it is added that "the most ineffective of the four is the Ministry of Civil Aviation." The author drives home his charge with the words, "There is no one in the Ministry who is capable of understanding what is wanted, or how to go about getting it."

Personally, I believe that this criticism was wanted and that it will do good. The article is unsigned, but there is internal evidence of expert knowledge.

### 1,000 Kilometres an Hour?

HERNE BAY made a pleasing centre for the air speed-record course last year, but it seems that the cliffs produced undesirable air disturbances. I doubt, however, if the air (however bracing), at Bognor and Littlehampton—where the new record runs are to be made—will be any calmer when there is an off-shore wind. Smooth air is essential if it is hoped to improve on the 975.675 kilometres an hour (606 miles an hour) set up last November. This time we may beat the 1,000-kilometres-an-hour mark (621.4 m.p.h.) which would be impressive.

The way the news of the attempt came out should make newspapermen more wary of allowing themselves to be told things "in confidence." It is the modern way of keeping mouths shut. On this occasion many newspapermen had been told of the coming record in confidence. They kept silent, with the result that *The Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle*—whose representatives had not been told anything "off the record"—were able to scoop the story.

They were the first with the news, and their stories precipitated the official announcement. Really, Public Relations officers ought to have learned by now that news is a thing which gets hotter the longer you hold it, and that it will always burn a way out for itself in the end.

Anyhow, I hope that this new attempt on the world record—an affair of supreme importance technically and industrially—will be handled in the grand manner. The world must know about it and the world's Press must be invited. Probable date is August.

### Car Racing

MOTOR-CAR racing has something in common with air record breaking. There are people who say that both are a waste of time and money. There are others who argue that successes in motor-car racing, and in air racing and record breaking, are the most effective advertisements for the merits of British products.

I have always been in favour of these activities; but when I try to be strictly objective I sometimes feel a lingering doubt about whether my support is the result of my own personal enthusiasm for them, rather than of a belief that they bring useful returns.

To me it seems almost impossible that there should be people who are not enthusiastic about motor-car racing and air record breaking. So I have been much cheered to see how well British drivers have been doing in the road races that are being revived on the Continent. While engines of the smaller capacities are in favour they will assuredly continue to shine.

### New Amphibian

So far as they can be judged, the reactions of those in aviation to the announcement of the new Short five-passenger amphibian are unanimously favourable. There is much to be said in favour of the amphibian as a personal aircraft in this country.

The scope of the amphibian owner is much greater than that of the landplane owner, and often a higher degree of comfort can be provided. The Short has two de Havilland Gipsy 71 engines, and its normal all-up weight is 3,850 kilograms. The name is "Sealand."

Perhaps the only thing seriously against amphibians as personal machines is the fact that they are apt to cost a good deal more than comparable landplanes. But when one thinks of the stretches of water on which they can be put down where places for landing wheeled aircraft do not exist, one realizes that they are a far better ally for sport and pleasure.

Short Brothers deserve to be congratulated on their enterprise. It will be the greater pity if the works are uprooted and transferred to Northern Ireland. The authorities might surely relent and let a historic company continue to work at the place it has made its home.

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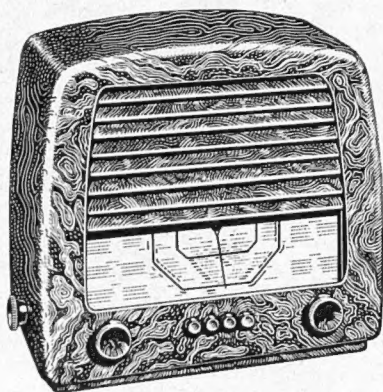


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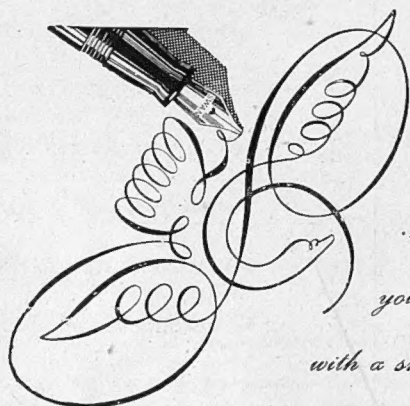
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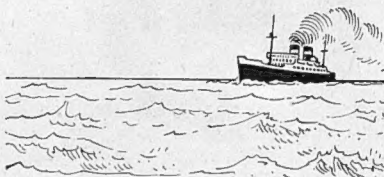
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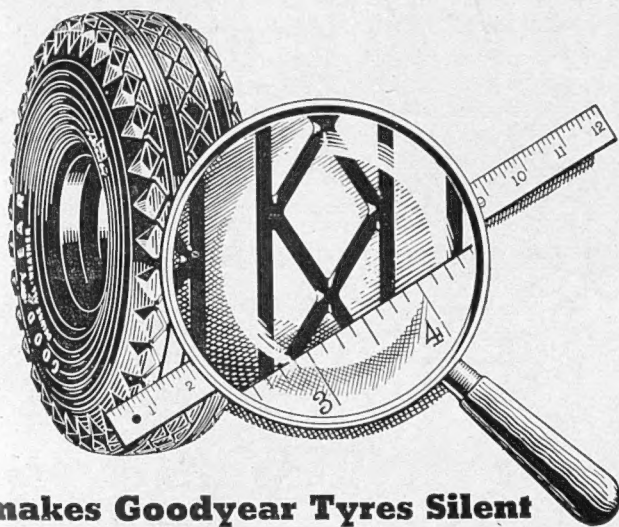


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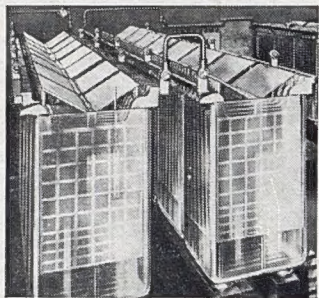
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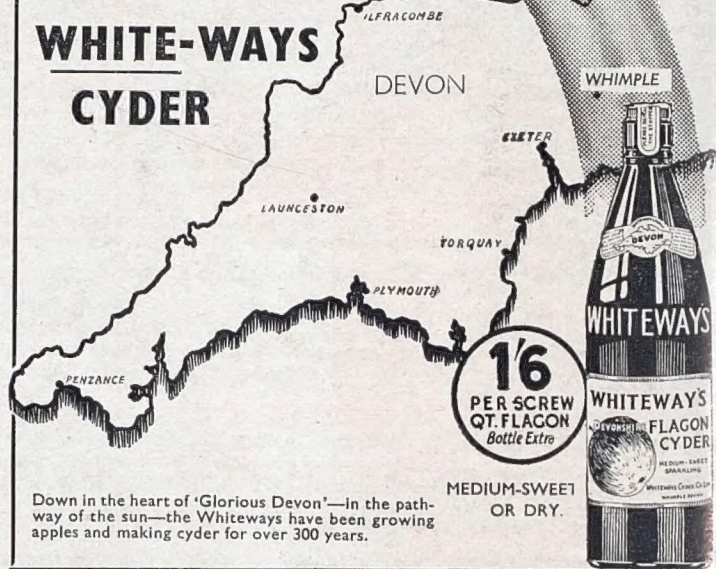


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